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The Saturday Evening Post.

VOLUME I.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 30, 1822.

NUMBER 61.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

EDWIN'S FAREWELL.

Adieu, dear Emma, no more thou'll hear
Thy lover's tender sighs;
Nor yet his pensive spirit cheer
With those love beaming eyes.

No more to deck thy waving hair,
He'll pluck the mountain flower,
Or seek the Rose, or Lily fair
To grace thy sylvan bower.

No more we'll tread the grassy dell,
Or by the streamlet rove;
Or call rude Echo from her cell,
Repeating notes of love.

Ah! then, to soothe his lonely hour,
When gloomy thoughts arise,
He'll think fair Emma, in her bower,
For her fond Edwin sighs.

CONSTANCE.

JULY 14th, 1822.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To —.

Unkind fate no greater ill could send
Than thoughts ungen'rous in a valued friend,
These give the pang that own not of a cure,
'Tis hard to undersee—and hell itself 't endure:

When fell suspicion first pervades the breast,
Friendship's voice alay each pang to rest,
Snatch from the vital wound the barbed dart,
And prove its holiest influence o'er the heart.

D.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE COUNTRY SEAT.

Inscribed to Mrs. N—.

Upon the bank of yonder stream,
There is a Country seat,
Amid the glowing summer's beam,
A sure and safe retreat—
All nature's beauties there combine
To make the prospect fulgent shine.

Plac'd on a sloping, grassy mound,
It there securely stands,
And of the neighbouring country round
A charming view commands:
There bubbling rills gently flow
And fertilise the plains below.

The garden, plac'd in front, is blest,
With a luxurious soil,
And in the richest flowers dress'd—
The farmer's careful toil:

From thence refreshing zephyrs bear
A rich perfume through all the air.

Behind, a spacious vacant lot,
A bright array is seen,
With beauteous shrubs dispers'd about,
And cover'd o'er with green:

The sportive children there, in play,
Or pass their leisure hours away.

But most sublime of all that's shown,
Appears the Nursery,

With richest fruit all loaded down,
Of every quality:

There you may sit and pluck your fill,
And gratify the palate's will.

Best seat of pleasure and repose!

I willing could recline

Beneath thy bower, which now disclose

A prospect all divine:

Long may thy beauteous pillars stand

To charm the country, grace the land.

RUSTICUS.

was lately attached by some
near that place, who are stated to have
become the terror of the neighborhood, and
most inhumanly beaten with clubs and
other weapons until his arms were broken.
It was only through the interference of some
neighbors, that Mr. R. escaped with
his life. No reason whatever is assigned
for this savage conduct.

A postscript to a letter written at Albany, N. Y. on Tuesday morning, says

"I have opened this to give a report,
that the late freshet has broken away the
northern Canal in two places—and that
much of the lumber which was in the Canal,
has been floated upon the banks and about
the fields."

Arson.—A young man, named Haddle-
stone, has been committed for trial at Bur-
lington, Vermont, charged with setting fire
to a barn, containing about 20 tons of hay,
belonging to Dr. Simeon Clark, of South
Hero. It appears, that the suspicious of
this young man's guilt rest entirely on
the testimony of those who heard him insin-
uate or say, previously to the conflagration,
that the barn would be destroyed by
fire."

The Plains of Saratoga.—The late an-
niversary of our independence was cele-
brated by the citizens of Saratoga county
and the adjacent towns, in the field on
which the formidable army of Burgoyne
surrendered, October 17, 1777. It is said
that there were at least 5000 people assem-
bled on the ocean, among whom, notwithstanding
the lapse of nearly half a century, were
52 soldiers of the revolution, some of
whom shared in the glory of conquering
Burgoyne. An oration adapted to the oc-
casion, was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Cum-
ming, and is spoken of in terms of high
admiration. It will probably be printed.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ON TIME.

"The hand of time moves steadily on, nor waits
for finite Man."

It has pleased the wise author of the
Universe, who has classed the different
systems of the creation, with the utmost
regularity and order, to make our lives
transitory and uncertain. Not a day—not
an hour—not even a minute, can we
call our own; for in the short space of a
second, we may be transported from the
vigour of life and health, (while wrapped in
the "curtains sleep," or carousing in
the hall of mirth,) into the chilly damp-
ness of death. Time is given us to pre-
pare for death, and to secure to ourselves
immortal happiness hereafter—yet there
is nothing of which we are more apt to be
so prodigal of. It behoves us then to be
more solicitous in its application, since
without it nothing can be done in this
world, and standing as we do most in need
of it, we certainly can offer no excuse for
its waste—for which the great Jehovah will
strickly reckon with us when the trump
of the archangel shall call to judgment the
"quick and the dead." The agonies or
comforts of the dying hour depend upon
the manner in which we have passed our
time. Listen now to the voice of reason;
consider how few and precarious are your
days—be wise, therefore, in preparing for
their termination, and lay up "treasures
in Heaven," or by the abuse of them ven-
ture the loss of your hopes of eternal hap-
piness.

MORALIS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SKETCHES—No. III.

THE VILLAGE GRAVE YARD.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

GRAY.

It was during one of those little sum-
mer country excursions which the citizen
so frequently enjoys away from the bustle
of town, that I chanced to stop at the
small hamlet of —, about 50 miles from
Philadelphia. The morning was fine and
breezy, and every thing about the domes-
tic spot, seemed calculated to promote fel-
icity. The village, I observed, was re-
markably silent, and many houses were
closed. I had yet some distance to go,
but my attention was riveted to the place,
and I determined to sojourn there the re-
mainder of the day. About 20 houses, and a
little antiquated stone church, with a
steeple, were all the village consisted of.
Many names of the last century were en-
graved on the venerable old building, and
I could not refrain from contemplating these
works, which, from their mutilated
and time-worn appearance, and the date
affixed to them, would indicate that their
authors were now silently reposing in the
dust—while, perhaps, their only inscrip-
tions were the works of their own living
hands.

I passed on to a neighbouring inn, and
obtained some refreshments, after which I
sauntered about the village, and adjacent
parts of the country. I had not rambled
far before I observed on a hill the tops of a
few tomb stones, almost secluded by the
drooping willows and clustering foliage
which surrounded them. I hastened thither—it was the Village Grave Yard, and I
observed a place already opened for the
interment of another inhabitant of the
consecrated abode of simplicity: I was alone,
and gave myself up to one of those melan-
choly, but pleasing reveries which so often
absorb the sense when we ruminate over
the cemeteries of the dead. I had not indi-
gusted myself long in this strain before I
was awakened from my lethargy by the
knolling of the village church bell. There
seemed to be something very plaintive and
canorous in the sound. I know not whether
it was from the pensive state of my
feelings, and the peculiar solemnity of the
place, but I thought they were the most
impressive notes I ever heard. The inter-
val of each was longer than usual, and the
reverberation from the surrounding woods
had a very melancholy effect. In about
half an hour I could distinguish a hearse,
followed by a little train, approaching from
the village. They entered the grave yard,
and after a pious and very appropriate ad-
dress from the curate, the body was con-
signed to its kindred dust. The deepest
sorrow was depicted on every countenance.
Each couple regularly gave a final look on
the grave, and they all departed except
three or four interesting looking young
girls, whose attention seemed particularly
engaged with the ceremony. The sexton
had not finished filling up the grave, when
one of the little misses said to her compa-

nions, "Let us go to the grave of poor
Mary." They all immediately followed
to a remote part of the yard, shaded from
the eye of the passing stranger by a neat
bush entwined with tendrils and hone-
ysuckles. Impelled by curiosity, my foot-
steps unconsciously directed me to the
place, where I beheld a head-stone which
was filled with the following inscription:

"Sacred
to the Memory of
MARY WILSON.
She was a dutiful daughter—an affectionate sister,
and an amiable companion.
She reposed in the arms of her Saviour
May 3d, 1819—aged 12 years.
The youthful bud that's nipp'd in early time,
Dies but to bloom in some more genial clime."

I distinctly heard some of them repeat
the inscription several times over, and as
they reiterated the name of "Poor Mary," I
observed them wipe their eyes, as evi-
dence of their unalienable affection for
their departed friend. Their attention
seemed to be immovably fixed upon the
memorial of the virtues of the tenant of
the little heap, and the chaste epitaph
which followed it. I read their feelings in
their looks; and as I watched them a
tear trickled down upon my hand. My
feelings were blended with theirs; and al-
though I had never known the object that
elicited their grief, still an involuntary
emotion overcame me at the affecting sight,
connected with the brief description of the
qualities of one so amiable. The young
company left the spot, and as they passed
me, I observed the couplet on the tomb-
stone was neatly marked on several of
their handkerchiefs. The sexton retired
soon after, and left me the only living in-
habitant of the place, save the songsters
which perched themselves upon the over-
hanging boughs, and the little insects that
sported along the grass.

I received an important lesson from the
little incident that had just occurred. I
had often thought there was a great deal
of idle pageantry and vanity in a high-
sounding description on a tomb-stone;—
that it was but an empty tribute to the
silent dead, which they are neither sensi-
ble of, nor profit by. I had almost, in-
deed, indulged in the sentiment of many,
but my attention was riveted to the place,
and I determined to sojourn there the re-
mainder of the day. About 20 houses, and a
little antiquated stone church, with a
steeple, were all the village consisted of.
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three or four interesting looking young
girls, whose attention seemed particularly
engaged with the ceremony. The sexton
had not finished filling up the grave, when
one of the little misses said to her compa-

A pensive melancholy clouded her features the
succeeding day, the cause of which was eagerly
enquired after by her affectionate parents: he had
observed that latterly she had lost a great por-
tion of that vivacity, which was once her distin-
guished happiness to exert, because it spoke the
pure and unshilled innocence of her heart; a
settled pensiveness now reigned in its stead; and
at the time of which we are about to speak, a con-
firmed melancholy seemed to have taken possession
of her. She attempted no excuses for she could
devise none: she almost wished that her heart
were laid open before him, could she spare
the task her delicacy made her shrink from.

"Emma," said the affectionate Everard, "tell me,
I conjure you, if your heart feels the pangs of us cannot
master, I do not err. If in ascribing the change
in your deportment to the influence of feelings in-
spired by the presence of a guest it has been our
happiness to entertain, in declaring it you do not
in the least surprise me by the declaration of a cir-
cumstance it were impossible not to have foreseen."

Emma, surprised at the earnestness of this appeal
was for some time unable to reply: she merely said,
"It is not for me to make a confession I
would willingly avoid, so long as I can assure my
dear parent of the devotedness of my heart, whose
sentiments shall always be directed by the voice of
duty and affection." Somerton confessed the
reliance he had in her discretion, and went on—"It
is by no means unnatural that Beldair should be-
come your admirer, and I believe I may assure
myself of the state of your heart towards him. But,
my dear Emma, my advice may be serviceable,
and I will not hesitate to warn you of the
dangers to which innocence and beauty like yours
may be exposed, if not guarded by the strictest
prudence and resolution: I do not doubt in the
least your own virtue; I am only anxious for your
happiness; nor will I apologize to you for speaking
freely the words of undivided sincerity.—
Beldair, as you know, will soon leave us; nor has
he ever mentioned an intention of again returning—
in this case the declaration I expect from you, would be more becoming him, but he has re-
mained silent, and what are we to expect? You
must therefore endeavour to meet his departure in
a manner that will convince you of the possession
of your own mind, and in the consolation of
your happiness being still unimpaired."

These were dreadful words to Emma: it was
like reducing despair to a certainty: that Beldair
should depart without declaring himself to her
family was an idea more supportable than the
thoughts of his leaving her forever; yet she saw
his departure was unavoidable, and this considera-
tion had decided more effect in swaying her incli-
nations than the monetary counsels of

FRIENDLY HINTS.

When the sun has lost his splendour,
O'er the deep blue western wave,
And the scene around, surrender
Every charm the morning gave,
Tis the hour when freed from sorrow,
And my ills, a nameless host,
I can chase open to-morrow.
While I read the Evening Post.
But tho' this' its pages shineth,
Every beam the muse can shed,
Yet the meanest wreath she twineth,
Smell not honour Penguin's head.
Every finer chord is broken,
Once that deck'd his humble Lyre,
And the words that last are spoken,
Warble not with former fire.
Since by every muse forsaken,
Thou must touch the strings no more—
That wilt n'er to Fame awaken,
Thou wilt find thy splendor o'er.
Modest friend to haggard Sorrows,
For pleasure, mirth and wine,
Think not, hope not, that to-morrow,
Will thy wretched verse refine.

Other Bards their wit displaying,
"Flowing bowls" with rapture sing;
But thy muse forever praying,
Makes the Post with sermons ring.*

There's a Bard, whose path to glory,
Fame will light with Reason's beam,
And the harp that tells his story,
Shall not find a nobler theme.

Thou, whose native, modest merit,
Only signs the letter "D,"
Give us of thy wonted spirit,
And we never shall wish for "G."

He was never meant to ramble
T'wix' the flow'ry fields of rhyme;
He was never meant to gambol
In the muse's favor'd clime.

They who name her woods of roses,
Only cult' her fairest flowers,
Like the nymph whose form repose
Only in the loveliest bower.

Let the quill that he has flourish'd
Trace no line that roughly flows,
He may live, by honour nourish'd,
If he takes to writing prose.

Raymond—tho' thy spirit slumber,
And thy harp remain unstrung,
Thou canst boast as sweet a number,
As the lips of Beauty sing.

Every silver line that's flowing,
From thy harp of golden string,
Shall, to her smile be bearing,
From her heart a tribute bring.

She will heed with fondness o'er thee,
T'wix' thy music yielding song,
And the form that may adore thee,
Shall to Beauty's self belong.

Thou wert never meant to flourish,
In the meaner field of prose,
It can never a broad'ner nourish,
Like the bud that Fancy blows.

Raise thy eye to heights sublimer,
O'er you heavenly arch of blue,
Fame will wot upon the rhymer,
As she now attends on you.

JULY, 1822.

ARIEL.

Ariel, when he penn'd the preceding lines, we should be apt to judge, might have had his humour sour'd by the too potent effects of the grape, or perhaps he has given way to the interposition of some votary to pleasure, who, too strongly attached to the phantoms of an illusive fancy, could not agree to the manly reflections of *Parson*, and has been induced to deviate from that correct and general style of criticism which characterizes the other portions of these stanzas. Our sentiments and his, in the passages alluded to, are entirely at variance.—*S. E. Post.*

A CITY MORNING.

Now Phœbus rising from the Jersey shore,
Guides every chimney top and steeps a spire,
And harsc around, begins the mingled roar
Of rating coaches, and of sweep boys' dice;

See in long vista, down the noisy street,
The butchers' carts jing' on with easy pace—
While at each turn the 'p'stance boy you meet,

With eyes half open and full lengthen'd face.

The busy tradesman lies him to his shop—
The love of cash depicted on his brow—

Here stays bough some anticipatedlop,

And there, half-dozing, stands a hungry cow.

What strains of distant melody we hear!

The sweep boy's whistle and the grunt of swing;

The stolid growl of curs salute the ear,

Deep roars a votary of the god of wine;

One who in riot wasted half the night,

And now in slumber lies half the day;

He runs his course a stranger to delight,

Then falls to care and poverty a prey.

Like to the butterfly that loves the morn,

Ye city belies your gay hues display—

Away! arise! on western zephyrs borne,

Sweet rosy health your labour shall repay;

Then lightly tripping o'er the morning dew,

Wind your lone way to Schuyler's verdant

shore,

Encap'rd gaze upon its surface blue,

And fondly listen to its distant roar.

Vanis I sing—the city's joys preferred,

The city's music more delights the ear—

The jockey's song far sweeter than the bird,

The city's fish's ecstasy to hear.

Jesus, 1822.

RYNO.

A WEEK'S JOURNAL
Of a Country Clergyman in England.

Monday—Received ten pounds from my rector, Mr. Snare, being one half-year's salary—obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor, and even when admitted was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had eleven miles to walk. Item, the doctor hinted he could have the curacy filled for fifteen pounds a year.

Tuesday—Paid nine pounds to several different people; but could not buy the second-hand pair of breeches offered me as a great bargain by Cabbage, the taylor, my wife wanting a gown very much, and neither Betsy nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

Wednesday—My wife bought a gown for herself, and shoes for her two daughters; but unluckily, in coming home, dropped half a guinea through a hole (which she had never before perceived) in her pocket, and reduced all our cash in the world to half a crown. Item, chid my poor woman for be-

ing afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to rely upon the goodness of God.

Thursday—Received a note from the alehouse at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business; went, and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for seven pence half-penny. In a struggle what to do. The baker though we had paid him but on Tuesday quarrelled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future; and George Greasy, the butcher, sent us word that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the parish duty at an *inferior price*; and therefore, though he would do anything to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the upper end of the town—

Mortifying reflections these! But in my

opinion a want of humanity is the want of justice. The Father of the Universe

lends his blessings to us, with a view

that we should relieve a brother in distress; and we consequently, do no more

than pay a debt, when we perform an act

of benevolence. Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

Friday—A very scanty dinner, and pre-

tended therefore to be ill, that, by avoiding

to eat, I might leave something like enough

for my poor wife and children. I told my

wife what I had done with the shilling: the

excellent creature in-lead of blaming me

for the action, blessed the goodness of my

heart, and burst into tears. Men. Never

to contradict her as long as I live; for a

mind that can argue like hers, though it

may deviate from the more rigid sentiments

of prudence, is even *amiable* for its indis-

cretion, and in every lapse from the sev-

erity of economy performs an act of virtue

superior to the value of a kingdom.

Saturday—Wrote a sermon, which on

Sunday—I preached at four different

parish churches, and came home excessively

wearied and excessively hungry—no

more than two pence half penny in the

house.

But see the goodness of God! The strolling

player whom I had relieved, was a man

of fortune, who accidentally heard that I

was as humane as I was indigent; and, from

a generous eccentricity of temper, wanted

to do me an essential piece of service. I

had not been an hour at home when he

came in, and declaring himself my friend,

put a fifty pound note into my hand, and

the next day presented me with a living of

three hundred pounds a year.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

WALKING DRESS—Anglo-Greek dress of fine India muslin over blue sarsenet, with white muslin sleeves; the mancherous composed of blue sarsenet and muslin. Fichu of Uring's patent lace, surrounded by a double frill of the same material. Bonnet of white shagreen, spotted improved sarsenet, lined with a quilling of blue, and edged with a roulage, in puffing of blue entwined with white silk cord; the crown is ornamented with blue and ears of corn. Elbow kid slippers, gloves of yellow kid, and parabol of blue sarsenet. The shawl thrown over this dress is of white cache-

ire with a beautiful variegated border.

BALL DRESS—Dress of fine net over a white satin slip, ornamented next the hem with two full scalloped rows of pink crepe edged with a delicate fringe of polished steel. Over the scallops are beautiful pink flowers of embossed crepe, surrounded by heads of polished steel.

—The corsage finished in front with a stomacher trimmed to correspond with the border of the dress, as is the bust, and short sleeves, which are full. Elastic net sash of pink and white; the stripes transverse. Denmark toque of pink crepe and polished steel, with full plumes on the summit of marabout feathers.

—White satin shoes, and white kid gloves, very much rucked, and surmounted next the elbow with a silk fringe.

EVANING DRESS—A round gown, composed of white crepe lace; the skirt is ornamented with a white trimming of the same material, intermixed with leaves formed of blue satin, and gros de Naples, disposed in two rows of stars, irregularly placed. Beneath this trimming is another, composed of bands of the same material, with satin crevets let in. The corsage is tight to the shape; the waist is rather more than the usual length, and the bust is cut low; it is round in front, and ornamented at the top with a wreath embroidered in blue silk.

FOREIGN ARTICLES.

Mr. Stuart, the survivor in the late duel with Sir Alexander Boswell, has arrived at Edinburgh, preparatory to his trial before the High Court of Judiciary.

A dreadful accident happened in the morning of the 12th inst. in the Canton of Charslton. A number of men working in a coal pit were suddenly overwhelmed by a great body of water, which rushed upon them with such impetuosity that only two escaped. The number of persons who perished is stated at upwards of 30.

An Egyptian Mummy, forfeited for the non-payment of duties, was sold at the Custom-House, Plymouth, (Eng.) for 435L.

The Slave Trade.—Papers from Sierra Leone, to the 17th of March state, that the Iphigenia, reached that place on the 16th of February, and Sir Robert Mends assumed the chief naval command on the station, as successor to Sir George Collier. The Iphigenia's boat had searched the Bissagos, Rio Grande, for slave vessels, and, after a contest, captured a Portuguese, with 175 slaves on board.

We lament to find that these papers furnish additional proofs of the increasing number of slave vessels by which wretched Africa continues to be depopulated.

Cape of Good Hope.—Painful accounts have lately been received of the great distresses of the agricultural emigrants, in consequence of the failure of the crops for two seasons. Many of them were absolutely starving. Some relief has been administered from Cape town, but not sufficient to check the alarming distress. It is said

the emigrants are indignant at their treatment, but dare not give vent to their complaints, lest the slender supply from Cape town be cut off by the Governor, who, as he has ten thousand pounds a year for his own provision, may not be easily persuaded of the real state of the calamity.

London Sessions.—Yesterday these sessions commenced before the Lord Mayor, Aldermen Sir John Perring, Brown, Thorp, and Bridges, and the Recorder.

A gentleman who had been called upon to serve as a juror begged to speak to me on pressing business; went, and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for seven pence half-penny. In a struggle what to do. The baker though we had paid him but on Tuesday quarrelled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future; and George Greasy, the butcher, sent us word that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the parish duty at an *inferior price*; and therefore, though he would do anything to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the upper end of the town—

Mortifying reflections these! But in my opinion a want of humanity is the want of justice. The Father of the Universe

lends his blessings to us, with a view

that we should relieve a brother in distress;

The court put some questions to the ap-

plicant which he heard perfectly well, and

there arose in the court a hesitation as to

the question of his inadmissibility.

The common sergeant, (Mr. Denman) interposed, and stated that a *juryman ought to have an ear for each side of a case*, in order to decide with justice.

The application was immediately granted,

the court being decidedly of the com-

mon sergeant's opinion, and the gentleman

who had only one ear was permitted to de-

part.

European Canals.—The Madrid Gazette

contains an order for continuing the canals

of Castile and Arragon. The object of this

important enterprise is to form, by the uni-

on of the rivers Duero and Ebro, a commu-

nicate between the Atlantic and the Medi-

terranean.

Labor-saving Machines.—Mr Owen cal-

culated that the labor of 400 millions of

workmen would be required to produce

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tured with the aid of machinery.

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The skeleton of an Indian, inclosed in a hollow log as a coffin, has been found in excavating the canal at Schenectady, N. Y.

Two men were lately sent to the Penitentiary of New York, for six months, for beating their wives.

Labourers Wanted.—The Lockport papers contain advertisements for 1900 laborers, to work on the canal at that place, to whom \$12 a month will be paid.

South Carolina has obtained of the General Government, upwards of \$200,000, expenditures during the late war with England.

Intelligence has been received at Florida, that the Spaniards were driving the Americans out of Texas, without discrimination.

Caution.—A boy died lately at Norwalk, Conn., in consequence of going into the water to bathe while he was in a state of perspiration.

A young man, named Forshee, of Frederickburg, (U. C.) was unfortunately killed by his brother about two weeks ago. The two youths were engaged in shooting pigeons, when the contents of the survivor's fowling piece, which accidentally went off, lodged in the head of his brother, who died in a few hours after.

Cherokees and Osages.—It appears that a council of the chiefs of these two nations was to assemble about the middle of June, at Fort Smith, Arkansas, to effect a treaty of amity, at which, the Governor was to be present.

The **Exchange Coffee House** in Boston has been rebuilt upon a more appropriate and convenient plan than that of the former building. It contains 50 bed rooms and 12 parlour and drawing rooms, fitted up in a style that combines convenience with elegance.

Seven thousand and eighty settlers have already arrived at the port of Quebec this season, from England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Three of the five negroes who were condemned to be hung on the 12th instant at Charleston, have been respite by the Governor until the 19th inst. at the request of the Court of magistrates and freeholders.

It is said that the British East India Company owe \$39,000,000, and that their debt is increasing at the rate of a million a year. The monopoly is diminishing.

The population of Sweden and Norway is said to have increased rapidly by emigrations from Denmark. There used to be an excessive jealousy between Sweden and Denmark.

Hypochondria.—A respectable gentleman, of the name of Pritchard, died at Portsmouth, Virginia, in an attempt to initiate the saviour, by fasting forty days. He died on the twenty-fifth day of the trial. In his rational moments he was a pious and worthy man.

Piracy.—The schooner Eagle, belonging to Capt. C. Brown, of Boston, was lately captured on her passage from Ligua to St. Thomas, by a Spanish privateer. Accounts from the latter place of the 27th June, received at Boston, say, that the Spaniards are fitting out a swarm of privateers, which will soon be out. Complaints continue to be made of the unprotected state of our commerce in these seas.

Resuscitation and casualty.—It is stated in the Clarksburg (Va.) Gazette of June 29, that a small female child of a Mrs. Shanes, fell into the water race of Judge Jackson's iron work. After being immersed fifteen minutes the child was found, and, by bleeding, and friction with salt, and other medical aid, the vital power was restored, but a very singular and unfortunate circumstance connected with the accident was, one of the Judge's elderly black women, was so affrighted whilst contributing her aid—she fell dead.

Mr. Henry Robinson of Reading, (Penn.) was lately attacked by some canal diggers near that place, who are stated to have become the terror of the neighborhood, and most inhumanly beaten with clubs and other weapons until his arms were broken. It was only through the interference of some neighbors, that Mr. R. escaped with his life. No reason whatever is assigned for this savage conduct.

A postscript to a letter written at Albany, N. Y. on Tuesday morning, says

"I have opened this to give a report, that the late freshet has broken away the northern Canal in two places—and that much of the lumber which was in the Canal, has been floated upon the banks and about the fields."

Arson.—A young man, named Haddlestone, has been committed for trial at Burlington, Vermont, charged with setting fire to a barn, containing about 20 tons of hay, belonging to Dr. Simeon Clark, of South Hero. It appears, that the suspicions of this young man's guilt rest entirely on the testimony of those who heard him *insinuate or say*, previously to the conflagration, that the barn would be destroyed by fire."

The Plains of Saratoga.—The late anniversary of our independence was celebrated by the citizens of Saratoga county and the adjacent towns, in the field on which the formidable army of Burgoyne surrendered, October 17, 1777. It is said that there were at least 5000 people assembled on the ocean, among whom, notwithstanding the lapse of nearly half a century, were 52 soldiers of the revolution, some of whom shared in the glory of conquering Burgoyne. An oration adapted to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Cumming, and is spoken of in terms of high admiration. It will probably be printed.

Two Americans lately had a dispute in a tavern at Montreal, which terminated in a personal attack, during which one of them bit the under lip of the other entirely off, taking with it a considerable part of the chin; surgical aid was immediately resorted to, and the lip was restored and sutured on, but it fell from the place the next day, since which a mortification was likely to take place. The parties were intoxicated before the fight commenced. The name of the person who inflicted the wound is Patterson, who has been committed to Goal on the charge of malitia; that of the sufferer is Pitch.

Boundary Line.—The Montreal Herald of the 10th inst. states, that the long disputed question relative to the Boundary Line, in the vicinity of Lake Champlain has at length decided, and that Rouse's Point will come within the British dominions. It is also said in the same paper, that a decision has been come to, by the Commissioners of both countries, relative to the line from Saint Regis to the head of Lake Huron: and that the surveyors have left Utica, for the purpose of prosecuting their labours on Lake Superior.

At a Circuit Court, holden at Watertown, N. Y. on the 18th June, before Chief Justice Spencer, an action for breach of promise of marriage was tried, in which Lucy B. Baker was plaintiff, and Palmer Cleveland, Esq. defendant. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with four hundred dollars damages.

It is important, says the London Morning Chronicle, that ship owners should be informed that coal or vegetable tar put upon a ship's bottom is extremely prejudicial and destructive to the copper. After the copper has remained for one season, it will appear as if gradually eaten away.

Explosion.—The refinery belonging to the powder works of Messrs. Ives and Loomis, at Sandy Hill, exploded on the 6th inst. and entirely destroyed the building and its contents. The damage is estimated at about five hundred dollars; but no lives were lost.

ANOTHER LORD IN VERMONT.

We understand that Deacon Charles McKenzie, of Hartland, Vt. a farmer of the first respectability and a man highly esteemed wherever he is known, in consequence of the death of an uncle, is likely to be Lord Monroe, of Allan Ross-shire, in Scotland. It is but a few weeks since an old gentleman of Roxbury was informed of a similar kind of luck, he being the eldest lineal descendant now living of an ancient family of parliamentary dignity in England. The laws of primogeniture occasionally excite our astonishment—particularly when we see men brought from the most humble stations in life, and from remote sections of the globe, to be heirs of consequential men in another kingdom, of whom, perhaps, they never had before heard of.

From the *Windsor* (Vt.) Journal, July 15.

DARING ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.—On Saturday last, immediately after the convicts in the State Prison, in this town, were liberated from the cells, an attempt was made by four of them, to escape by scaling the walls. To accomplish their purpose, they first ran a hand-axe to the wall, and proceeded with such other materials as came to hand, to erect a pile, by which to ascend. After repeated calls to them from the guard on the wall, to desist and prevent the consequences which must inevitably ensue if they persisted in their rash attempt, which they answered only by threats and a volley of stones and brickbats he was compelled to oppose force to force, and shot the ringleader, an Irishman, by the name of Patrick F. ne, aged about 33 years, directly through the head, who fell and instantly expired, still grasping in death a knife and short chain, with which he probably intended to assault the guard, when arrived on the wall.—One of them exclaiming "he has killed one of us," a momentary pause ensued—but with the threat "now, damn him, we'll kill him," they again commenced their assault on the guard, and their preparations to ascend, when having levelled his second piece, the guard sternly commanded them to stand, saying that another step would require another victim, they yielded, and an end was put to the contest.

A jury of inquest was holden upon the body of Fane, whose verdict was—"that he was killed by the guard from necessity, and in the discharge of duty."

COMMUNICATION.

MR. F. EBERLE, SENIOR.—The evening's entertainments at the Tivoli Theatre, on Monday evening next, are selected for the benefit of this gentleman.—The Innkeeper's Daughter, founded on the tale of Mary the Maid of the Inn, is extremely popular, and has proved to be unusually attractive.—Mr. Eberle presents no claim on the public favour, upon the score of dramatic pretensions, but having been a constant laborer in the Orchestra for thirty years, and contributed there and elsewhere to the improvement of the musical taste, it is to be hoped, that at his advanced stage of life, he may receive the remuneration which his merits seem to entitle him to.

Such is the estimation in which his brother professors hold him, that the Band attached to the Citizen Volunteers have offered to assist in the business of the evening.

Public Sale Report.
J. and W. LIPPINCOTT & CO. Auctioneers.

From July 13th, to July 20th, 1822.
SUGAR—34 1/2 lbs. St. Thomas 8 10 a 945 cwt
66 bbls. do 7 70 a 9 05
6 do 9 25 a 9 40
9 boxes wh. Havana 12 20 a 12 65
5 bbls. Porto Rico 7 30 a 9 40
21 bbls. do 8 30 a 9 70
3 bbls. St. Croix 9 75
10 bbls. do 10 25
170 qr. cask-do 65 a 681
26 do. sweet 58 a 62
7 kgs. Mamey 1 50
34 pipes red 40 a 56
12 boxes claret 8 a box
BRANDY—18 pipes Cognac 1,25 a 126 gal.
RUM—5 bbls. N. E. 40
PEPPER—55 bags 198 lb.
GINGER—16 kgs ground 44 lb.
VINEGAR—18 kgs cider 8 gal.
CHOCOLATE—9 boxes No. 1 11 lb.
TOBACCO—30 kgs manufactured 7 a 14—
18 lbs. Kentucky 3 a 5.50 cwt.
TWINE—115 bundles Calcutta 819 M.
HOPE—3 tierces Havana 43 a 44 gal.
SWEET OIL—3 barrels salied 3,50 bush.

Commodore Hull has directed a suit to be brought against the Editor of the Boston Patriot, for a libel.

DRAMATIC SUMMARY.

Messrs. Warren & Wood have assigned their lease of the house in Walnut street to Messrs. Price & Simpson, of the New-York Theatre, and intend to convert it into a Circus, for the exhibition of Equestrian performances.

TIVOLI THEATRE.—Mrs. Pelby takes her benefit this evening. To enter upon the merits of this lady's claims is unnecessary—the friends of the drama, on every occasion, have testified their admiration of talent, and surely they cannot withhold their indulgence where exertions have not been wanting to render the entertainment in all respects worthy their attention. The Wandering Boys, or the Orphans of Switzerland, and the Sultan, of a Prep into the Seraglio, are the pieces for representation. On Monday evening the Innkeeper's Daughter, with other entertainments, for the benefit of Mr. F. Eberle, sen.

WASHINGTON CITY.—The melo-drama of the Wandering Boys, or, the Castle of Oliva, was performed on Thursday evening. The melo-drama of the Ruffian Boy, founded on Mrs. Ope's admired story of that name, is in rehearsal.

NEW YORK.—Mrs. Entwistle, whose performances in the higher walks of the drama, have ranked her among the first actors on the stage, appeared at the City Theatre, on Wednesday evening, in the arduous character of Jane Shore.

Mr. Phillips, the vocalist, gives a Concert on Tuesday evening, at which he will introduce his pupil, Miss Davis, to the New-York audience.

During the recess, the interior of the Circus has been ornamented and repaired in a handsome manner, and we understand it is very numerously attended.

BOSTON.—The Amphitheatre, Washington Garden, opened on Monday evening last, under the name of the City Theatre. It has been very much improved in its interior arrangements, and Mr. Buff, the manager, has been very strenuous in his exertions to obtain a gaudy collection of new performers, viz. Messrs. Read, C. Durang, Nichols, and Mrs. Barrett, Turner and C. Durang—besides Miss Johnson and Mr. Woodhull, of New-York, are to be added to the corps.

FORBES.—A Dress Ball for the relief of the distressed inhabitants of Ireland, was given at the King's Theatre on the 30th of May. The Theatre was fitted up with an extraordinary degree of taste and splendour. The King and many of the royal family attended, together with the Princess of Denmark. The transparencies, and decorative paintings, were appropriate and brilliant beyond any previous example.

Mr. Keen gave the whole profits of his own benefit at Drury Lane Theatre for the relief of the unfortunate sufferers in Ireland.

The splendour of the scene, the gaudy collection of new performers, viz. Messrs. Read, C. Durang, Nichols, and Mrs. Barrett, Turner and C. Durang—besides Miss Johnson and Mr. Woodhull, of New-York, are to be added to the corps.

From the London Morning Chronicle of May 20.

Mr. MATTHEWS.—The master of the revels, this Knight of the Shire, who represents us all, proposes, as we learn, to withdraw the light and life of his countenance from this quarter of the globe, and to carry his portion of the gaiety of the nation to the United States. Immediately on the close of his present season, he, who has an off transported others, intends to transport himself, and to exhibit his various and delightful power to the Americans. One thing alone occurs to us that may, by possibility, save the loss of so much native talent. It is the late rigorous enforcement of the law to prevent *artificers*, from conveying their art to other countries, contrary to the statute.

The art of keeping people in good humour, which Mr. Mathews so eminently possesses, and which we are at this moment so ill able to spare, we can however, hope to retain, for the statute most iniquitously has relation merely to the common workman, and to the *master*, who may go and establish his *factory*, wherever he pleases.

To take advantage of this defect in legislation, he has clearly a right, if so disposed, to be at home to the *Yankee Doodles*.

MARRIED.

On Monday, the 13th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop White, JACOB B. WEIDMAN, Esq. of Lebanon, Penn. to Miss MARY ELIZA MORRIS, of this city.

On the morning of the 8th inst. at Rutland, Vt. by the Rev. Mr. Hough, of Middlebury, Mr. THOMAS H. PALMER, of Philadelphia, to Miss JOANNA T. PINTON, daughter of Mr. Samuel Pinton, of the former place.

On Thursday evening last, July 18, by the Rev. Dr. Staughton, Mr. MATTHEW WEAVER, to Miss MARTHA R. GEST, both of this city.

DIED.

On Monday evening, MOSES B. MOODY, senior partner of the house of Moody, Wyman & Co. of this city.

On Tuesday morning, Mrs. REBECCA JONES, wife of Mr. Samuel Jones.

Early on Tuesday morning, Mrs. REBECCA WHITE, consort of Henry White.

On Saturday morning, Capt. WILLIAM CARTER, aged 42.

On Saturday morning, SAMUEL ANDERSON, Esq. Secretary to the Delaware Insurance Company, aged 76.

On his passage from the West Indies to Baltimore, Capt. ALEXANDER ADAMS, long a respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Monday morning, ALEXANDER WALKER, Esq. of Birmingham, Eng. aged 48.

On Sunday last, in this city, Mr. SAMUEL WALKER, a native of Grotton, Eng.

On Thursday morning, Mr. JOHN HINCHMAN, Merchant.

On Thursday evening, JAMES N. WEEMS, Merchant.

On Thursday evening, about 7 o'clock, Miss MARY ANN MYERS, aged 17.

On Thursday morning, GEORGE BASTIAN, sen. aged 78 years and 11 months.

On Thursday evening last, Miss ELIZABETH BIRAGUE, aged 26.

On Thursday morning, MARY ROBINSON, widow of Ebenezer Robinson, aged 94.

On the 6th inst. of Cholera infantum, HARRIET A. P. THOMSON, daughter of Mr. James Thomson, printer, of this city.

This morning of Pulmonary, FREDERICK KLETT, youngest son of Mr. Andrew Klett, of this city.

On Tuesday, the 2d inst. near the farm of Gen. T. J. Rogers, in Northampton county, Penn

THE OJO.

"Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

The following *jeu d'esprit* was addressed by the Duke of Gordon, to Mr. Coutts, on his marriage with Miss Melon:

An apple, we know cauld Adam's disgrace,
Who, on this account, was from Paradise driv'n,
But come, my dear Tom, is a happier case,
For you're by a Melon transported to Heav'n!

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

The late Reverend J. Murray, of Newcastle, author of *Sermons to Doctors of Divinity*, &c. used to relate the following anecdote of an old woman, a member of his congregation. She had been in the practice of coming to him very often, under the pretence of wishing to hold religious conversations, or of seeking spiritual advice; but rather, in his opinion, for the purpose of having the unction of flattery applied to her spiritual pride. One day, she waited upon him with a graver face and more serious deportment than usual, and after much circumlocution, said, that she was in great distress of mind. "What is the matter, Janet?" said her pastor. "Oh, Sir! I cannot be satisfied with myself! I am a barren tree—a dead branch, only fit to be hewn down." She then went on to enumerate, at great length, the various duties of faith and practice, which, like the young man in the gospel, she had endeavoured to perform from her youth up; and concluded by saying—"but still I fear there is something wrong, and that I am far from the kingdom of heaven!" "With so much orthodox faith, adorned by such uniform purity of practice, what makes you think so?" replied Mr. M.—"Oh, Sir! I am afraid that I am only a hypocrite!" said she.—Indeed, Janet, that is my fear too; for I have thought you that these seven years!" said the minister. Janet departed in great wrath, and never returned to seek either advice or consolation.

A worthy clergyman of my acquaintance was assisting his servant in taking home the oven from his glebe. John was loading the cart, the minister throwing up the sheaves with a pitchfork; and the shock had all been put into the cart except one sheaf which was beneath the cart wheel. The minister pulled and tugged till breathless, in fruitless efforts to withdraw this sheaf. Fairly huffed, he called out "John, you must come down from the cart and assist me; I cannot get this sheaf from below the wheel!"—"O sir," replied John, "there is no occasion for you or I taking that trouble; just drive forward the horse, and the wheel will soon be off the sheaf!"—"That is indeed an easier way, John; but I would not have thought of it," said the minister.

I have heard the Reverend John A. relate the two following anecdotes. He died a few years ago, having been incumbent of the populous parish of St. V., for about half a century.—There is a fishing village in the parish, the inhabitants of which, about the commencement of his incumbency, were very illiterate. In the course of his annual duties of examination, he was catechising a man whom he knew to be tolerably shrewd in worldly affairs, but who could not, or would not, answer one question put to him by the minister. This ignorance elicited a severe reprimand, and accusations of carelessness, as Mr. A. said, he was convinced it did not proceed from want of capacity. The fisherman heard him patiently, and when he had finished, said,—"Now Sir, you've speared many questions at me, will ye let me speer one at you?"—"O certainly, John!"—Weel, Sir, how many hooks will it tak' to bait a fifteen score haddock line?"—Really, John, I cannot answer you, that is quite out of my way!"—Weel, Sir, you should na be she laid uppo' poor fowk—you to your trade, and me to mine!"

When Mr. A. was considerably advanced in life, being in Edinburgh at the General Assembly, he took the opportunity of consulting the late Dr. Cullen for an occasional deafness, which troubled him. The Doctor having made the necessary inquiries, and duly considered the case, wrote a prescription, which he gave to Mr. A. who, in return, tendered a fee. "I thank you, Sir," said Dr. C. "but I have long made it a rule, never to accept a fee for advice to a country clergyman—he cannot afford it, Sir?"—"Perhaps there are many who cannot," said Mr. A. "but I can; for my living is good, and I have no family."—"What! are you a bachelor?" cried Dr. C.—"I am, replied Mr. A."—Now, why don't you tell me so at first?—it would have saved much trouble," said the facetious Doctor. "Destroy the prescription I have given you. Go home, and get married as fast as possible; and I hazard my reputation, that in a month after, you shall hear on the deafest side of your head!"

From the correspondence of Baron de Grimm and Diderot.

SARACEN FABLE.—One evening after supper, my father, my brothers, and my sisters, and myself were all seated together round the fire. I meditated for some time, and then opening the Holy Koran began to read aloud, but my brothers and my sisters fell asleep, my father alone listened to me. Surprised, I said to him, "my father, is it not shameful that my brothers and sisters should fall asleep, and that you alone should listen to me?" But he answered: "my son, dear part of myself, would it not be better that you should sleep like them, than be vain, as you are, of what you are doing?"

FULLERS' BOARDS.

A FRESH supply of a superior quality, just received by BENNETT & WALTON, No. 37 Market street.

S. PAGE & SON,

BROKERS, SCAMMERS AND ACCOUNTANTS, No. 8, South Fifth street. Persons having money to put out at interest, may be accommodated with a variety of property in the city or county—Also, bills, bonds, and notes of hand discounted at their office, where Real Estate of every description, Mortgages, Military Lands, Stock and Ground Rents, are bought and sold on Commission; Naturalization Papers for Aliens drawn; Pensions secured; Mechanics' Books posted; Insolvents' Petitions drawn, and their business attended to throughout; Writings of all kinds correctly executed. Money always to be had on good security; and generally in the performance of all duties or services, wherein the aid of an agent or attorney, may be convenient or useful.

N. B. A Register of Real Estate, &c. kept open for inspection and insertion. Fifty cents charge for entry.

June 8—tf

NO. 57, MARKET STREET.

Cast Steel Scythes, Sickles, &c.

THE most approved makes of Grass and Corn SCYTHES, cut and wrought NAILS, with a general assortment of HARDWARE and CUTLERY, for sale by the Subscribers, cheap for cash, Wholesale or Retail.

Thomas Shipley.

April 27—tf

CHARLES M'ARTHUR,

Silk, Woollen, and Cotton Dyer, &c. &c. CONTINUES at the old established stand, No. 31 UNION STREET—where all orders in his line will be punctually attended to.

12 Cloth, Silk, Dresses and Shawls, &c. dyed to any shade or pattern, at a short notice, and at very moderate prices.

Feb 2—tf

TRAP BALL.

THIS interesting game and pleasing exercise may be enjoyed every Monday afternoon, at the Traveller's Head, in Broad street, between Chestnut and Walnut. Traps, Bats and Balls may be had for select parties or promiscuous companies at any time. Refreshments of the first quality at the Bar.

REUBEN TRAVELLER.

May 25—tf

FANCY CHAIRS.

THE Subscribers have on hand, a large assortment of FANCY CHAIRS, made of the best materials, which they will sell low for Cash, at No. 30 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

GEORGE C. LENTNER,

JOHN PATTERSON.

PORTER, ALE and CIDER.

THE Subscribers inform his friends and the public, that he continues to bottle PORTER, ALE and CIDER, of the choicest quality, for home consumption or exportation, at his stand, No. 108 MARKET STREET, corner of Franklin Court, between Third and Fourth.

JOHN C. RUHLMAN.

May 25—tf

OLD COLUMBIAN COACH LINE, FOR NEW-YORK.

A black and white illustration of a horse-drawn carriage, showing a driver's seat, a large front wheel, and a smaller rear wheel. The carriage is simple in design, typical of 19th-century urban transport.

Through in Twelve Hours.

1½ hours and South Amboy, and only 30 miles land carriage, over a gravel turnpike. First line leaves the upper side of Market street wharf, every morning, at 6 o'clock, and arrives in New York by steam boat Olive Branch, at six o'clock same evening. Breakfast and dinner on board. Fare only 6¢.

Second line leaves the same wharf every day, (Sunday excepted) at 12 o'clock. Take coach at Bordentown, proceed to Perry's Hotel, South Amboy, where they lodge, and from thence by steam boat to New York, where they arrive at 10 o'clock next morning. Fare only 8¢.

This line is inferior to none between the two cities as the coaches are all new, good horses, with careful drivers. The proprietors therefore solicit a share of public patronage.

For seats, apply at Fish's Ferry, or at Arch Street Ferry.

ISAAC JENKINS,
JOHN MILLNER,
THOMAS WILLIS,
CORNELIUS KELLY.

Tuckerton, N. J. June 26. [29—6*]

QUILL MANUFACTORY.

K. REYMBORG & HAGEDORN, No. 41 Chestnut, Philadelphia, has on hand and offers for sale, all kinds of Clarified Yellow and White Manufactured QUILLS, from 8¢ 50 to 82¢ 50. Manufactured QUILLS, from 8¢ 50 to 82¢ 50. Feb 2—tf

ROBERT S. ENGLISH,

HOUSE CARPENTER, No. 31, Strawberry street, carries on all the various branches of Carpentry, on very reasonable terms for CASH. He will warrant his work to be equal, both for durability and elegance, to any in the city.

PACKING BOXES made at the shortest notice.

* * All orders thankfully received and promptly executed.

May 18—tf

HAT STORE,

NO. 24 NORTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia.

C. P. WILLMARTH offers to the public, whose patronage he solicits, Water-Proof imitation Beaver Hats, which are surpassed by none, in cheapness and durability.

Oct 27—tf

TEETH ONE DOLLAR.

WILLIAMS performs every operation on the Teeth complete for \$1. Filing, extracting and plugging a single tooth, 25 cents, if plugged with gold, 50 cents. Williams fixes teeth in the mouth, warranted to give satisfaction, for \$1 50 a tooth. Williams gives information from the Italian, French, English and American authorities, calculated to insure good teeth for life. He also saves teeth in the same way his own were saved, the least painful of any of the English ways: there are three ways, by Hunter, Fox and Norton.

W. WILLIAMS, Dentist, 161 Vine street, near Fifth.

June 1—tf

WM. WALLACE,

No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Has Received of the late Arrivals,

1000 cases of LEGHORN, containing an assortment of Mens', Womens' and Children's Hats and Bonnets, which will be sold by the case, dozen or otherwise, as low as they can be bought in the city.

ALSO,

Fashionable Winter Bonnets, White Chip and American Straw du. Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Trimmings, &c.

1 case super. black and colored Bombazees,

1 do. Elegant Merino Shawls and Scarfs,

3 do. Naquin and Canton Crapes,

1 do. new style Merino pattern Furniture Chintz,

Ash Linens, Sheetings, and Diapers,

An assortment of French and India Silks, Lace Veils, Shawls, &c.

44 Ingrain Carpeting, 44 English Ingrain Hemp,

44 new and superior article.

With a variety of other articles in the Dry Goods and Military line.

Dec 22—tf

CLOCK & WATCH MAKING.

S. SAMUEL HUCKEL, Clock and Watch Maker, No. 38, South Street, a few doors above Front Street, has for sale, Clocks and Watches, Chains, and Keys, Jewellery, &c. &c.

* * Clocks and Watches carefully repaired and warranted.

April 20—tf

DAVID MASON, JUN.

CLOCK and WATCH MAKER, has Removed from No. 167 Chestnut street to No. 249 Market street, north side, between Sixth and Seventh streets, where he offers for sale, an assortment of warranted Patent Lever, Repeating & Plain Watches. Also, Gold, Gilt and Steel Chains, Seals & Keys. Clocks and Watches carefully repaired. Feb 2—tf

John YATMAN.

Jan 12—tf

LEATHER STORE.

A. BRAHAM WINNEMORE, at No. 55 Pine Street, Philadelphia, has constantly on hand, an assortment of LEATHER, which he can dispose of as low, for cash or approved notes, as can be obtained in the city.

Oct 22—tf

A. NICHOLLS, Saw-Maker,

No. 118 SOUTH FRONT STREET,

AS lately commenced manufacturing SAWS

of various descriptions, such as Cast Steel and

German Hand and Panel Saws, Cast-steel and

German Iron-back Saws, Brass-back Saws, &c. Wood

Saw Webs, Breaking, Turning and Chain Webs,

Lock and Key-hole Saws, Circular Saws, &c. &c.

Circular Saws, with Spindle complete, got up in the neatest manner.

Cotton Gauze Saws, made to any pattern or order.

All the above Saws, in point of temper and work-

manship, is warranted superior to any imported,

which will be sold, wholesale or retail, cheap for cash.

Also, on hand, a Stock of MECHANICS TOOLS, in general.

Feb 2—tf

MRS. MYRING,

R. ESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the

public, that she has taken that elegant Coun-

try Residence in Frankford, formerly the prop-

erty of Mr. Robert Smith, and now belonging to

Thomas Liver, Esq. for the purpose of accom-

modating BOARDERS, for the Summer season,

or by the year. The known healthfulness and

beauty of the situation, the excellence of the wa-

ter and other advantages which it possesses, ren-

ders a further description unnecessary.

N. B. The Gate near the May-Scales in Frank-

ford, leads to the place.

June 15—tf

FULLERS' BOARDS.

A FRESH supply of a superior quality, just

received by BENNETT & WALTON,

No. 37 Market street.

Feb 22—tf

FRENCH SCHOOL.

C. KLOTEZ returns his grateful thanks